

THE
T E A R S
O F
BRITANNIA;
A P O E M.

T E A R S

B R I T I S H



A P O E M

1346.k.27

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T E A R S
O F
BRITANNIA;
A P O E M,

ON THE MUCH-LAMENTED DEATH OF
WILLIAM EARL of CHATHAM.

By THOMAS HASTINGS.

— QUIS TALIA FANDO
TEMPERET A LACHRYMIS?

VIRG.

Entered at STATIONERS HALL.

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[Price One Shilling.]

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B R I T A N I A

A F O E M

BY THE MUCH-LAMENTED DEATH OF

WILLIAM EARL OF CHATHAM



BY THOMAS HASTINGS

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THE TEARS

O F

BRITANNIA.

TH Y fate, O CHATHAM, myriads now deplore;

And men now weep, unus'd to weep before!

Britannia's firmest FRIEND, her hope is fled;---

And PITT, alas! is numb'ed with the dead!

Weep, Britons, weep; 'tis now your time to mourn.

The brightest sun again shall ne'er return.

The day is dark'ned as the fable night;---

The glory of the land hath ta'en its flight:

That glory, which so lately reach'd the skies,

Is fall'n, alas! and never more shall rise!

B

SAY,

~~SAY, righteous Heaven, why at thy dread command,~~
~~Did the grim tyrant view a guilty land?~~

Why did'st at thy command, the monster's dart
 Sink in the HERO'S, and the PATRIOT'S heart!

May man, O Heaven, presume to ask the reason,
 Why he away was snatch'd at such a season;

When olive wand'ring peace is fled afar,
 And Gallia's sons preparing are for war?

Britannia is forsaken by her God;

Her sun is set: her name is ICHABOD!

Loft is her glory cross th' Atlantic shore;

And those who once were sons, are sons no more.

LATE as BRITANNIA saw her glorious train
 Survey'd by Albion's Sov'reign on the main;

Resolv'd her cong'ring sons, prepar'd to brave

The fiercest foe, the most insulting wave,

Her favourite Prince, her amiable Queen,

In whom distinct the Graces all are seen,

She

She view'd, as with superior delight,
 Cheer'd by her sons, and glorying in the fight,
 She bade the stern imperious Lord of War
 Haste to her aid, resume his ebon car—
 She sigh'd, and sighing cry'd, O who shall guide
 My floating bulwarks o'er the surging tide?
 The man (she glad'ning cry'd) who sits at Hayes!—
 His head is crown'd with everlasting bays!
 To PITT I still shall cast my longing eye!—
 She look'd, and looking saw the STATESMAN die!
 Her melting bosom pour'd forth stores of woe,
 Whilst tears of grief her beauteous cheeks o'erflow—
 Her heaving heart long silent held her tongue;
 At length she tun'd the melancholy song:

THE PATRIOT'S fall'n! Let tears suffuse each eye!
 Let ev'ry heart send forth the painful sigh!
 Perturbed anguish ev'ry soul pervade;
 And all, ye bravest Britons, be dismayed!

Old Ocean, cease to lave thy favourite strand;
 Waves, guard no more this isle at Heaven's command;
 O Thames, forbid thy silver courses flow;
 No more thy wond'rous navigation show:
 Pour all thy bounty on th' eastern shore;
 Sink in the deep; and roll thy tide no more!
 Meand'ring Severn;—thou coal fabled Tyne,
 Cease, cease your traffic,—Pitt no more is mine!

Be mute, ye shepherds, on ten thousand plains;
 Weep on a thousand hills ye rural swains.
 Attend the awful scene! o'er CHATHAM'S bier,
 Bereaved matrons drop the pearly tear.
 Let tears each nymph's vermillion cheeks o'erflow;
 And all the tender bosom sink in woe.
 O bid the wanton lambkins cease to play,
 Nor listen to the warblers on each spray,
 Ye virgins who attend the dewy dawn,
 Along the winding stream or verdant lawn;

Nor with your swains perfume the tufted grove;
 Nor deck your breasts with flow'rs, nor talk of love;
 To adorn the mossy cell, ye maids forbear;
 Nor tune your pipes, — for CHATHAM is not there;
 Each shepherd cast away his rustic flute.
 Thou cheering bird of heav'n, alas! be mute.
 O cease thy cheering accents, Philomel,
 The Statesman haunts no more the rural cell,
 Where oft his heart big with Britannia's weal,
 Felt woes, alas! which now my sons must feel!
 Ye woodlarks, mount no more the morning sky,
 For now no more ascends his piercing eye.
 Ye Dryads of the woods, no more rejoice;
 For lo! no more is heard his manly voice.
 Let all the sweetest songsters of the spring,
 Since CHATHAM is no more, forget to sing!

YE SONS of Neptune, and ye Sons of Mars,
 Prepar'd with hearts exulting for the war;

O now, alas! for now is lost the man,
 Like him, who can your operations plan?
 Like him, who can conduct you o'er the main,
 Or guide my bulwarks cross the wat'ry plain!
 Who roll my thunder 'gainst the imperious foe,
 Or make your dauntless hearts with ardour glow?
 O! who shall lead you to the Atlantic shore;
 Or bid my wayward sons rebel no more?

SAY heav'nly Peace, O whither dost thou roam!
 Alas! who now shall bring the wand'ers home?
 No more his fiat, potent as the rod
 Of Amram's son, sustained by his God,
 Shall wave Americ's tribe back to their rest,
 Or draw my sons home to my yielding breast.

'Twas CHATHAM lighted up my sacred flame,
 Whilst perjur'd Gallia trembled at his name.

He

He gave to **LIBERTY** a second birth;
 And bound in chains the tyrants of the earth.
 He taught my countless sons still to be brave,
 And every Briton to despise a slave,—
 United Babel's sons around the ball,
 And foes of **FREEDOM** glory in thy fall.

YE Sons of Unity, his loss deplore
 Who join'd my sons around my fav'rite shore,
 When wild distractions did my sons pervade,
 Great **PITT** arose, and lent his healing aid.
 United Britons all rejoic'd in **PITT**,
 For when he rul'd all hearts were truly knit,
 With glowing ardour all his virtues scan;
 And an admiring world beheld the man,
 With virtuous flame, with energy divine,
 With wisdom fraught, and prudence in each line.

SUNK

SUNK in his days, were feuds; no party rage
 Did then the senate, or the land engage.
 Each Briton then did his assistance lend;
 And had at once, one voice, one aim, one end.
 He harmony restor'd, and laurels won,
 When ancient GEORGE set like the golden sun;
 Set gently after an unfullied reign,
 And setting, gilt each hill and verdant plain.
 'Twas then all British forms were clad in joy,
 Then rose another GEORGE, my darling boy.
 Baneful Contention banish'd was the land,
 And sunk as shades of night, at PIRI's command.
 When north, and south, and east, and west were join'd,
 And all made one most perfect in its kind.
 Britons accorded, and new trophies rais'd
 Beyond past ages, and the Statesman prais'd:
 They prais'd the man who Britons did inspire
 With ev'ry glory virtue could admire.

CURSE on the fiend who durst again invite
 Fell **DISCORD** back, with all his sons of **SPITE**
 Who make a mountain, or a little hill,
 A rapid river, or a purling rill.
 Divide that island, first by heav'n design'd
 "To curb the proud oppressors of mankind*."
CHATHAM with equal god-like eye survey'd
 Britons around, and Britons gen'rous made.

WEEP, O divided Britons, since he's fled,
 And all our **HERO** numb'ed with the dead.
 No more for you his god-like graces join
 To heal your breaches; nor his art divine
 To cloath you in a terrible array,
 Terrific o'er your fiercest foes to sway.
 Alas! he's gone; he never will return!—
 Divided Britons join, at least to mourn.

* Addison.

D

YE

YE chosen sons, who frame BRITANNIA'S laws,
 A loss so great, from you compassion draws,
 Nor midst the assembled Senate can I spy
 One breast not sighing, nor a cheek that's dry.
 Fast flow such tears as Senators can shed,
 For lo! My darling Orator is fled.
 He's gone, whose god-like accents all amaz'd,
 Whose genial fire your ardent bosom's blaz'd.
 Divinest harmony dwelt on his tongue,
 And on his lips a wond'ring Senate hung.
 My emulating sons rever'd his name,
 And borrowed from his mouth a living flame.

THE law of kindness did his tongue pervade,
 In thoughts all new, and newly all array'd,
 Form'd to delight at once, and to persuade.
 ---Now see attention dwell on ev'ry face,
 And softest silence smoothly fill the place;

Terrific

Terrific thunders all around him flow, and My sons, O

'Gainst FREEDOM's foes, 'gainst ev'ry Briton's foe! and I

The glowing periods full, and all his own

Projecting from his sapient lips are flown, No more

Dart on each heart, and quick fresh glory breeds, My sons

And fill each gen'rous soul with noble deeds. No longer

BRITANNIA's glory ever was his theme, No more his manly breast heaves to the fight

All other topics sink in empty dream. Bennis'd those hands

He dealt, My sons, persuasions all around; So is that hand

His manly sense did all my foes confound. While Britain's

Stars of the highest order 'neath his fire O raise ye sacred

Hide their "diminish'd heads," and straight retire. Who

Ev'n MURRAY, ornamentor of the age, Raise high his name

With Tully's force, attempting to engage, Let his all

His brighter, stronger rays, was forc'd to yield and in that

And left My CHATHAM victor on the field.-- And in words

O pity

O pity me, My sons, whilst I complain,—

“ I never more shall see his like again *.”

No more, alas ! his pleasing accents warm

My sons to deeds sublime, mine ear to charm.

No longer glory brightens in his eye ;

No more his manly breast heaves to the sigh.

Silent that tongue, which ever goodness pour'd ;

Benumb'd those hands which bounty ever show'r'd.

Sunk is that head, which slumber ne'er could take

Whilst Britain's peace and glory were at stake.

O raise ye sacred trophies to his name,

Who thus inspir'd you with an ardent flame.

Raise high his fame in monument's sublime ;

Let his all other monuments outshine.

Call in the glowing sculptors matchless art ;

Shew in his face the language of his heart ;—

* Shakespeare.

Unfullied

Unfullied beauty, new, and ever fair:
 And you will find BRITANNIA written there!
 The speaking stone renew from age to age,
 Whilst all his deeds swell th' historic page.
 My future sons shall still revere his name,
 Shall catch his fire, and emulate his fame!
 Let FAME from age to age his trumpet sound,
 Till the last trump shall raise him from the ground,
 Swell'd by angelic breath, shall call him home,
 Ev'n CHATHAM from his monumental tomb.

WEEP, O BRITANNIA'S SOV'REIGN of the main;
 He's fled who best could all thy rights maintain.
 Think how he charm'd thee at the council board,
 E're, by thy fiat, he was made a LORD.
 Staunch friend to thee, and Freedom's matchless laws,
 True to his trust, and eager in thy cause.
 To save the western world, was all his scheme.
 America restor'd, was all his theme.

E

Restore

Restore America to him alone
 Whom sons of Briton chose to fill the throne.
 Let not our natural, our imperious foes
 Usurp the sacred right, thus to dispose
 Of what belongs to Brunswick's sacred race,
 Part of their diadem, long worn with grace.
 Impious the hand that durst attempt ev'n now
 To pluck the laurels from his royal brow!
 Those laurels worn by princes ages past:—
 "O save" America, "shall be my last*."

YE SONS of Britain view the former war,
 When CHATHAM led along my furious car,
 To regions by my sons then unexplor'd,
 Where Gallic fury rag'd, where thunders roar'd.
 By industry strong forts erected stood,
 And shew'd their tow'ring tops above the flood.
 Behold the ramparts on the lofty hill,
 Strong form'd by nature, stronger made by skill.

* Addison.

With

With charged thunders guided round, and grac'd
See armed myriads on her ramparts plac'd.

CHATHAM My bravest sons deck'd in array,
And on the ocean pointed out their way.
Nor furious thunders in the midway air
Could fear inspire, or cause My sons despair.
Up the steep precipice they straight ascend,
Soon gain the summit, to the castle bend,
Whilst Gallic foes dismay'd, throw down their swords
And vict'ry soon proclaims the Briton lords.
O whilst the noble deed with joy you tell,
Let fall a tear, for there My hero fell.
'Twas WOLFE that day My noblest cause sustain'd:
A Hero perish'd,—tho' a world was gain'd.
Neptune can witness all My sons were brave
When they projected fury o'er the wave.

'Twas

'Twas CHATHAM rul'd the riging of the sea begird
 Countless, O PITT, the glories won by thee!

WEEP, O My sons, beyond the Atlantic tide,
 Or where th' impetuous rolling rivers glide;
 To spread their kindly bounty through the land,
 Weep all along the vast extensive strand.
 Or where thy haughty sons with light'ning's glare
 Surround the rising banks of Delaware.
 Where'er Old Ocean's tide thy borders lave,
 Or waft her bounty on the surging wave,
 Weep all around Americ's blissful strand;
 O drop the grateful tear at Heaven's command.
 The countless loss of him you lov'd deplore.--
 For PITT, your best, your firmest friend's no more.
 Ordain'd by heav'n My generous sons to save,
 In golden characters, his name engrave.

For

FAR are you fled from my fond arms and love,
Whilst Gallia in your bosom finds a place;
BRITANNIA longing, wooes you to return;
Return, and o'er my best supporter mourn.
Return, Return, and all our joys renew,
The Patriot in his death still harp'd on you,
Make up, in part, the loss, BRITANNIA cries,
With panting bosom, and suffusing eyes.
Enough of war,---let all your fury cease.
Again, O let the world be hush'd in peace.

CHATHAM, thy name, which Britons still revere,
Shall never fail whilst rolls the varying year:
Nor when th' commission'd herald of the skies,
Shall swell his trump, and bid the nations rise,
On the great Jubilee, the solemn day,
Thy righteous soul shall never feel dismay,

E

For

For thou shalt rise in glory from the tomb,

Renew'd in beauty, in eternal bloom.

When Time's revolving ages all are past,

And when the earth shall melt, and seas shall waste,

When thrown aside shall be the grand Machine,

And as a scrol, be roll'd the swelling scene,

The Patriot far shall rise above the sky,

And all his virtues, which shall never die.



THE END.